

E. Wrenneth.

Nº 1 IN C



Nº 2 IN E^b



Nº 3 IN F



Nº 4 IN G



SUNG BY

MADAME CLARA BUTT.

THE LEAVES & THE WIND

SONG

THE WORDS BY

GEORGE COOPER

The Music by

FRANCO LEONI.

PRICE 2 NET

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THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all;
Over the brown fields they danc'd and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song!
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.
Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watch'd you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"
Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had call'd them and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

The Leaves and the Wind.

Words by
GEORGE COOPER.

Music by
FRANCO LEONI.

Allegro.

Voice. 

Piano. 


p 

"Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day, "Come o'er the mea - dows with





me and play; Put on your dress - es of red and gold,



rit. *a tempo.*

Sum - mer is gone, and the days grow cold." Soon as the leaves heard the

wind's loud call, Down they came flut - ter - ing one and all;

mf *rit.* *p* *ten.* *a tempo.*

O - ver the brown fields they danc'd and flew, Sing - ing the

soft lit - tle songs they knew.

a tempo.

mf

"Crick - et, good-bye, we've been friends so long! Little brook, sing us your fare-well song!

p

Say you are sor-ry to see us go; Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

rit

a tempo.

Dear lit-tle lambs, in your flee-cy fold, Mo-ther will keep you from harm and cold;

a tempo.

mf *rit.* *p ten. a tempo*

Fond - ly we've watch'd you in vale and glade, Say, will you dream of our lov - ing

mf *rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

shade?" Dancing and whirling the little leaves went, Winter had call'd them, and they were con -

dim. *rit. e dim.* *almost whispered*

-tent. Soon fast a - sleep in their earth - y beds, The snow laid a cov - er - let o - ver their

dim. *rit. e dim.*

heads.

ppp *a tempo*

